

Loved

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Summary: It was no longer necessary to pretend that their often rivalrous relationship was a cover for their absolute need to be with the other one. AmberShelley.

Loved

_Beauty queen of only eighteen

> She had some trouble with herself

The girl who showed up on Shelley's doorstep was not Amber Von Tussle, in any sense of the word. Though, in actuality; in body, and form, it was. It was the fair-haired, blue eyed girl that danced in front of the cameras on the Corny Collins Show. It was the daughter of the notorious Velma Von Tussle, and the same girl that wore pearl earrings and fur-trimmed dresses to school. Though, at the same time, she was a different person. Her eyes were darker, her mascara clumped in the corners of her eyelashes, lipstick smudged and faded from wiping her mouth. Her white-blonde hair, now a shade darker from being wet, hung in damp tendrils around her face, the pouring rain had seen to making sure it fell out of its perfectly arranged style, taking with it the stiffness that could only be created by the artificial savior of her hairspray.

Shelley felt the corners of her lips twitching into a frown, her own pale eyes observing the Von Tussle girl, the scratches that ran the length of her jawbone, the ones that Shelley herself had left there only hours before in the midst of their raging fury.

"What are you doing here, Amber?" She clutched the door, curling her fingers against it, and, unbeknownst to Amber, steadying her trembling knees. She tried to fill her voice with as much disdain for the girl as humanly possible, narrowing her eyes at the disheveled blonde to reinforce the illusion that she had no desire to let her into the house.

Amber set her gaze upon the redhead's face, and Shelley realized

suddenly, with a second glance, that the red spottiness of Amber's face could not simply be blamed on the rain; relatively recently, judging from the way her eyes were still caught in a glossy gaze, she had been crying.

_I drove for miles and miles

> And wound up at your door
 I've had you so many times but somehow

> I want more

"I want my things back from you." Amber's voice was stronger, sturdier than Shelley had expected to hear it. "Everything I have ever given to you, or let you borrow. I want them back, Shelley."

She clenched her jaw, and though she wasn't completely sure why, she stepped aside, and allowed Amber to enter the house. It should have been awkward between them; after all, just hours before, they had been locked in a battle that had the council girls squealing, their high heels clicking as they ran to hide behind the council boys. Strong, masculine hands that Shelley could only assume belonged to Corny, had been on her shoulders, tearing her away from the blonde whose hair she had wrapped tightly around her own thin fingers, tugging at it with such force that it left Amber shrieking in agony.

Corny had succeeded in pulling Shelley away from the peppy blonde, but only for a moment, and Amber struck back suddenly, her fingers curled into a tight fist that delivered a nearly deafening blow to the side of Shelley's face, and left her in a daze of white hot pain. The redhead, though, was not to be outdone, especially by Amber, and retaliated with her fingernails, digging them into the tender flesh of her cheek, dragging them down until they created four lacerations of nearly identical length. At the moment, Shelley had been filled with an indescribable sense of accomplishment. She had won that fight; there was no denying it as Amber hissed in pain, retreating like a wounded animal, clutching her cheek instinctively.

Though now, as she tried to avert her eyes from the other girl's broken, beaten gaze, she couldn't quite remember how she'd felt that she'd won anything at all.

_I know where you hide, alone in your car

> Know all of the things that make you who you are

Amber pushed past her and down the hallway to Shelley's room. Almost tripping over her own feet, Shelley followed her, and Amber began to tear through her personal belongings, her hands definitively trembling as she pulled records from the shelf, sweaters from the closet, barrettes from the jewelry box.

"This is mine!" Amber's voice was trembling now as she cried the words, almost as selfishly as a small child. "All of this shit you have is mine!" Her voice rose to the breaking pitch that Shelley recognized as her defensive tone, and she swallowed hard. It would appear that Amber was here for nothing more than her belongings; the small, insignificant objects that friends loan without ever wondering if they'll ever really get them back, but from the way Amber was tossing the fragile records into the small cardboard box she'd

carried into the house with her, Shelley found herself slightly confused, her eyebrows furrowing slightly at the girl's carelessness.

Amber's fingers tore the sweaters from their place on the hangers, her back turned to the redhead.

"Amber!" Shelley found herself yelling over Amber's own senseless demands. "Stop it!" Amber turned suddenly, pulling the sweater with her, both girls listening as it ripped at the seams.

"What in the hell is wrong with you?" She hurried toward the other girl, tearing the sweater from her fingers, her eyes narrowing as she studied the torn fabric. "Damnit, Amber, this isn't even yours! It's-"

She fell silent suddenly, as the blonde withdrew into herself, her chin dropping onto her chest, her hands moving to cover her face, her shoulders slumping and rising as she cried great, heaving sobs that left her thin frame trembling.

Shelley found herself, not for the first time, completely speechless in the presence of the girl. She took an almost unconscious step back from her, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. Something inside of her had broken suddenly, at the sight of Amber in complete hysterics, and all at once, she realized she could no longer pretend not to recognize the reason.

_Tap on my window; knock on my door _

I want to make you feel beautiful

Neither of them spoke for a moment, and only Amber's sobs filled the silence between them. Shelley tried to focus on the scraps of sweater in her hands, swallowing deeply as she felt the blush rising in her cheeks.

"Amberâ€¦" she finally heard herself saying the other girl's name, though it was different now. It was no longer in the whisper of a secret behind another girl's back. It was no longer the mocking tone she often used when she spoke of her, or the way she had screamed her name just hours before, when she'd caused this torturous pain that suddenly fell between them.

Amber shook her head, her face still covered by her hands, and turned away, shuddering slightly as she bent to the floor, her hands picking up the cardboard box that held less than a fourth of all of the things Shelley currently had that belonged originally to Amber.

"What do you want from me?" Shelley felt herself asking the words, though she wasn't completely sure where they had come from. Her voice was softer than even she had ever heard it, her heart pounding in her chest. She had been dreading this moment; she could admit that to herself, even if she couldn't to anyone else. She had been absolutely terrified of this exact moment, when all of her feelings would come to fruition, and she would no longer be able to deny that there was something about this girl that she couldn't resist. The moment in which their friendship (which, contrary to popular belief, did actually exist) went from normal to something deeper; something more

complex than even Shelley could comprehend.

Amber didn't raise her eyes, and Shelley let her gaze scan over Amber's grasp on the box; her fingers clutched the edges of the cardboard, her knuckles turning white in refusal to loosen her grip. Shelley blinked twice, harboring her tears.

"Amber," she said her name softly again, requesting her attention, "Look at me."

It took a moment, but the blonde raised her eyes guiltily, fat tear drops still clinging to her lashes. Shelley sucked her breath in slightly, pursing her lips suddenly. She wasn't exactly sure why she did it, but she found the corners of the box Amber was still holding, taking it from her hold and placing it on the floor silently. She took another step closer to Amber, taking a deep, shuddering breath before placing her fingertips just at the base of Amber's jaw bone, steadying her gaze.

"What do you want, Amber?" She found it difficult to breathe suddenly, and she clenched her teeth, the pads of her fingers brushing lightly against the ridges of Amber's jaw, tracing the length from her ear to her chin, purposefully avoiding the scratches.

Amber's blue eyes met Shelley's in an instant, pleading with her.

"I just wantâ€¦" Amber shuddered in the aftermath of her tears, turning her face slightly, unconsciously exposing the scratches on her cheek. "I want you to love me."

_I don't mind spending every day
> Out on your corner in the pouring rain
 Look for the girl with the broken smile
> Ask her if she wants to stay awhile
 And she will be loved_

And though it had been an unspoken denial between them, it was suddenly, and almost effortlessly, out in the open. Shelley had spent long enough convincing herself that the way she felt when Amber brushed her fingertips casually along her arm in general conversation was normal. She had spent months denying that Amber was the one she thought of when she was kissing another boy, that Amber was the one whose name she wanted to sigh when he was pleasuring her.

And then, at that moment, denial no longer seemed necessary. It was no longer necessary to pretend that their often rivalrous relationship was a cover for their genuine feelings; the absolute _need_ to be with the other one, to constantly have some sort of contact between them, even if it was usually some sort of physical altercation.

And because there was no longer a need to delay, no longer a reason to hesitate, Shelley moved quickly, wrapping Amber in a warm embrace, her lips brushing lightly over the scratches, willing them to disappear with each tender kiss she placed on the other girl's face.

"I'm sorry," Shelley's words were whispered apologies as she alternated between comforting the other girl with words and kisses, "God, Amber, I'm sorry for hurting you."

She cupped Amber's face, letting her thumbs brush over her wounds gently, Amber whimpering in pain before she pulled back, their eyes connecting and their faces mere centimeters apart.

Their mouths met gently, Shelley's lips kissing Amber's lower lip hesitantly at first, shuddering as she returned the kiss in another breath, the other girl's fingers tangling in Shelley's red tresses. Shelley could taste the salt of Amber's tears on her lips, and kissed the flavor away, her teeth grazing lightly over the other girl's lip.

"Me too," Amber's breathy response came between one kiss and the next, her fingers brushing over the soft purple bruise on Shelley's temple, the one she had left there. Although the bruise itself wasn't as severe as Amber's scratches, Shelley winced slightly, her lips curling into a foolish smirk.

"Don't worry about that, sweetie," Shelley pulled back, letting her fingers slip through the blonde girl's damp hair, this time without twisting the stands around her knuckles, without causing any pain.

Amber watched the other girl's face, tracing her fingernails lightly over the skin on her arms. Shelley smiled at her appreciatively, making a mental note of how, even in this moment, with scratches running the length of her cheek, tears and smeared make-up distorting the usual perfection of Amber's beauty, and her hair hanging lifelessly around her face, Amber still looked unbelievably beautiful.

"You can keep those things," Amber whispered somewhat stupidly, "I don't really want them back."

"It doesn't matter," Shelley sighed the words to her before placing another gentle kiss on her soft lips. She pushed the box out of their way with her toe, using the extra space to pull Amber closer to her. "The only thing that I even want right now is right here, in my arms."

And she will be loved

She will be loved

* * *

><p>Lyrics: She Will Be Loved -Maroon 5

End
file.